

Chicks, 5c up.

At the Greater Palais Royal.

Easter Cards, 10c doz.

At the Greater Palais Royal.

Real Ducks, 10c.

At the Greater Palais Royal.

Nothing to Prove Disappointing.

If the suit or dress is decided upon, come tomorrow and have a hat made to harmonize with it and you. With untrimmed hats and embellishments here in wholesale quantities, and with milliners of acquired reputation, you can't be disappointed here.

Bendel's Hats,
\$7.50 Up to \$12.00.

Other Hats,
\$2.25 Up to \$5.50.

The connoisseur milliner can distinguish the "Bendel" and the "other hats," but few can, so that whether you pay \$2.25 or \$12.00, there's to be no disappointment. Every new shape, every new shade in French Chip, Hemp, Milan, Hair and Rough Straw Hats.

Various Trimmings, 38c to \$10.00.

Special sale prices tomorrow for the Numidi and Osprey Aigrettes, at \$2.00 to \$10.00, instead of \$2.25 to \$10.98; fancy Ostrich Feathers, \$2.50 to \$10.00, instead of \$2.98 to \$10.98; imported Wings, Dodads, Stickups and Aigrette effects, 50c to \$2.00, instead of 68c to \$2.25.

\$1.50 Flowers, \$1.29
\$1.00 Flowers, 79c
75c Flowers, 65c

50c Flowers, 38c
\$1.00 Feathers, 89c
75c Feathers, 59c

The flowers include every shade of small and large roses, orchids, lilacs, blueets, forget-me-nots, pansies and foliage. The feathers comprise stick-up wings, pompons and small novelty feathers in white, black and all colors.

\$1.25 Ribbons, \$1.00
50c Ribbons, 44c
45c Ribbons, 39c

40c Ribbons, 33c
29c Ribbons, 22c
25c Ribbons, 17c

At \$1.00 yard are 9-inch-wide Two-tone Satin Ribbons, in marvelously beautiful shading. At 44c yard are 6-inch-wide Ribbons, the new satin stripes in shadings of greens, blues, browns and other colors. At 39c are the 45c Ribbons in new checks, plaids and black-and-white stripes, in all widths. At 22c are the 6-inch-wide Glace Ribbons.

At 17c yard are the 25c Moire, Taffeta and Satin Taffeta Ribbons, Dresden effects and stripes, 5 inches wide.

Headquarters for Trimmed Hats

—At \$7.50, \$10.00, \$14.00 and \$25.00.

The Palais Royal's "Milliners' Day" — today. Raining, while this was being written this morning—and yet the parlors, both public and private, are filled with enthusiastic visitors. The verdict hoped for has been awarded—The Palais Royal is headquarters for trimmed hats at \$7.50, \$10.00, \$14.00 and \$25.00.

Continued Tomorrow—"Milliners' Day."

A day of keen competition—when each Palais Royal milliner is represented with her prize creations. A day when the matter of taste and the matter of price need not trouble the visitor—when prize hats are linked with least prices. A day when the acme of style and beauty is linked with the minimum of cost.



SHOES FOR SPRING

The usual "Queen Quality" taste is expressed most convincingly in the new models we are showing for Spring.

The materials of which they are made are not restricted to the conventional leathers alone, for with them are combined most pleasingly, materials and fabrics with a wide range of fashionable shades and textures.

Quaint buckles, slides, and ornaments, play no inconspicuous part in the finish and refinement of the Spring models. And the Colonial type of pump, which is quite the thing just now, lends itself most entrancingly to this scheme of decoration.

There are many charming types in white and tan, both in boots and low cut patterns. This is in direct line with the prevailing modes in dress fabrics, and affords that harmony of coloring that is so essential to women of taste.

Remember too, that "Queen Quality" shoes have not only Style, but Comfort. They have a suppleness and a resiliency that gives comfort from the first moment worn, and imparts a graceful, easy, and erect carriage. And last, but not least, they fit where others fail.

"Ask the Woman Who Wears Them"

The Palais Royal,

A. Lisner. Hours, 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. G Street.

THE GOLD BAG

—BY—
CAROLYN WELLS.(Copyright, 1910, by J. B. Lippincott Company.)
(Copyright, 1911, by J. B. Lippincott Company.)

CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Porter's Views.

I began on a new tack. "I was afraid that they would think I was afraid," she said, "so you would know where the nose leaves came from." She almost smiled as she said this, for apparently, the mere idea was amusing, and I had a flashing glimpse of what might be to see Florence Lloyd smile. Well, it should not be my fault, or due to my lack of exertion, if the day did not turn out as I wished. I had promised myself I should be there to see it. But, stifling these thoughts, I brought back my feet, drawing from my pocket the photograph I had found in Mr. Crawford's desk. I showed it to her.

"In Uncle's desk," she exclaimed, "this does surprise me. I had no idea Uncle Joseph had received a photograph from a lady with an affectionate message, too. Are you quite sure it belonged to him?"

"I only know that we found it in his desk, hidden beneath some old letters and papers."

"Were the letters from this lady?"

"No; in no case could we find a signature that agreed with these initials."

"Here's your chance, Mr. Burroughs," said Florence, "and again Florence Lloyd's dimples nearly escaped the bondage which held them during these sad days. 'If you're a detective, you ought to be able to find out who this photograph and signature all the details about this lady; who she is and what she has to do with Uncle Joseph.'"

"I wish I could do so," I replied, "but you see, I'm not that kind of detective. I have a friend, Mr. Stone, who could do it, and would tell you, as you say, everything about that lady merely by looking at her picture."

"As a case in point, I told her then and there the story of Fleming Stone's wonderful deductions from the pair of muddy shoes we had seen in a hotel one morning."

"But you never proved that it was true," she said, "her dark eyes sparkling with interest and her face alight with animation."

"No, but it wasn't necessary. Stone's deduction was always right, and if not you know it is the exception that proves the rule."

"Let us try to deduce a little from this picture. I don't believe for a moment that Uncle Joseph had a romantic attachment for a lady, though these words on the back of the picture do seem to indicate it."

"Well, go on," said I, so carried away by the fascination of the girl when I had for a moment seemed to forget her troubles that I wanted to prolong the moment. "Go ahead and see what your inferences you can draw from the photograph."

"I think she is about fifty years old," Florence began, "or perhaps fifty-five. What do you think?"

"I wouldn't presume to guess a lady's age," I returned, "and besides, I want you to try your powers on this. You may be better at deductions than I am. I have already confessed to you my inability in that direction."

"Well," she went on, "I think this lady is rather good looking, and I think she appreciates the fact."

"The first is evident on the face of it, and the second is a universal truth, so you haven't really deduced much as yet."

"No, that's so," she pouted a little, "but, at any rate, I can deduce more about her dress than you can. The picture was taken, or at least, that costume

was made, about a year ago, for that is the style that was worn then."

"Marvelous, Holmes, marvelous!"

She flashed me a glance of understanding and appreciation, but, undaunted, went on: "The gown also was not made by a competent modiste, but was made by a dressmaker in the house, who came in by the day. The lady is of an economical turn of mind, because the lace yoke of the gown is an old one, and has been given to her by her mother."

"Now, that is deduction," I said, admiringly, "the only trouble is that it doesn't do us much good. Somehow I can't seem to fancy this good-looking, economical, middle-aged lady, who has her dressmaking done at home, coming here in the middle of the night and killing Mr. Crawford."

"No, I can't, either," said Florence, gravely, "but then I can't imagine any one else doing that, either. It seems like a horrible dream, and I can't realize that it really happened to Uncle Joseph."

"But it did happen and we must find the guilty person. I think with you, that this photograph is of little value as a clue, but yet it may turn out to be. And yet I do think the gold bag is a clue. You are quite sure it isn't yours?"

"Perhaps it was a mean way to put the question, but the look of indignation she gave me helped to convince me that the bag was not hers."

"I told you it was not," she said, "but, and her eyes fell, 'since I have confessed to one falsehood, of course you cannot believe my statement.'"

"But I do believe it," I said, and I did, thoroughly. "It is a sort of proof, she said, smiling sadly, 'that any one who knows anything about women's fashions can tell you that it is not customary to carry a bag of that sort when one is in the house and in evening dress. Or, rather, in a negligee costume, for I had seen her in evening gown and wore a tea gown. I don't think of going anywhere in a tea gown and carrying a gold bag.'"

"The girl had seemingly grown almost light hearted. Her speech was punctuated by little smiles, and her half said, half gay denials bewitched me. I felt sure that what little suggestion of light-heartedness had come into her mood had come because she had at last confessed the falsehood she had told, and her freed conscience gave her a little buoyancy of spirit."

But there were still important questions to be asked, so, though unwillingly, I returned to the old subject.

"Did you see your uncle's will while you were there?"

"No," he talked about it, but did not show it to me."

"Did he talk about it as if it were still in his possession?"

"Well, yes," I think so. That is, he said he would make a new one unless I gave up Gregory. That implied that the old one was always right, though he didn't exactly say so."

"Miss Lloyd, this is important evidence, and must tell me the truth, and the repeat much of it to the district attorney. It seems to me to prove that your uncle did not himself destroy the will."

"Go ahead and see what your inferences you can draw from the photograph."

"I can't think it, for it is not in scraps in the waste basket, nor are there any paper ashes in the grate."

"Well, then," she rejoined, "if he didn't destroy it, it may yet be found."

"You wish that very much?" I said, almost involuntarily.

"Oh, I do," she exclaimed, clasping her hands. "Not so much for myself as—"

"She paused and I finished the sentence for her: 'For Mr. Hall.'"

"She looked angry again, but said nothing."

"Well, Miss Lloyd," I said, as I rose to go, "I am going to do everything in my power in your behalf and in behalf of Mr. Hall. But I tell you frankly, unless you help me tell me the truth, and the whole truth, but I will only defeat my efforts and work your own undoing."

"I have to look away from her as I said this, for I could not look on that sweet face and say anything even seemingly harsh or dictatorial."

Her lip quivered. "I will do my best," she said, tremblingly. "I will try to make

Mr. Hall tell where he was that night. I will see you again after I have talked with him."

More collusion! I said good-bye rather curtly, I fear, and went quickly away from that perilous presence.

Truly, a nice detective, I bowed over by a fair face, I was unable to think clearly, to judge logically, or to work honestly."

Well, I would go home and think it out by myself. Away from her influence I surely would regain my cool-headed methods of thought."

When I reached the inn I found Mr. Lemuel Porter there waiting for me. "How do you do, Mr. Burroughs?" he said, pleasantly. "Have you time for a half hour's chat?"

It was just what I wanted. A talk with this clear-thinking man would help me, indeed, and I determined to get his opinions, even as I was ready to give him mine.

"Well, what do you think about it all?" I inquired after we were comfortably settled at a small table on the shaded veranda, which was a popular gathering place at this time of the day. We were in no danger from listening ears and I awaited his reply with interest.

His eyes smiled a little as he said: "You know the old story of the man who said he wouldn't hire a dog and then do his own barking. Well, though I haven't hired you, I would be quite ready to pay your honorarium if you can ferret out our West Sedgwick mystery. And so, as you are the detective in charge of the case, I ask you, what do you think about it all?"

"But I was pretty thoroughly on my guard now."

"I think," I began, "that much hinges on the ownership of that gold bag."

"And do you not think it is Miss Lloyd's?"

"I do not."

"You need not incriminate her if it were hers," said Mr. Porter, meditatively knocking the ash from his cigar. "She might have left it in the office at any time previous to the day of the crime. Women are always leaving such things about. I confess it does not seem to me important."

"Was it on Mr. Crawford's desk when you were there? I asked, suddenly."

"He looked up at me quickly and again that half smile came into his eyes."

"(To be continued tomorrow.)"

next Holmes victim?" and thereafter, it was impossible to cheer him up.

He was the man who helped to fasten all the clues on Holmes for the murder of B. F. Pitzel, a Callowhill street chemist, and of three Pitzel children. The murders had been committed for insurance money, and were cleverly devised and covered. His investigation took Crawford as far as Toronto, where Holmes shipped the bodies of two of the children. It was after Crawford's testimony in court, which made the case complete, that Holmes uttered his sweeping charge.

Fate of Others.

Judge Michael Arnold, who presided at the trial, was soon afterward afflicted with an incurable disease that kept him in agony for one year. Linford L. Biles, foreman of the jury, was killed by a live wire in a storm. Superintendent Howard Perkins of Movingmen prison broke down and killed himself. Another prison official, Robert Motherwell, committed suicide, and two keepers dropped dead. William A. Shonaker, senior counsel for Holmes, has been disbarred from practice.

DUEL WITH WAX BULLETS.

Announcement is made that two new features have been added to the program of the benefit performances to be held at Fort Myer Friday afternoon and evening of this week for the benefit of the Olympic team fund.

One is a duel between officers on horseback with pistols loaded with wax bullets. The men will be protected by light armor, and owing to the light charge and soft bullet there will be no danger to the spectators.

The other added feature is the entry of woman riders in the high jumping contest. Colorado isn't just a place for sick folks, either—it's a place for everybody who enjoys good air and the most beautiful scenery that all outdoors affords. I can take you to places in Colorado that Europe would give a million dollars to get, but the Old World can't have them—chey're ours to enjoy here in this country.

Your trip to Colorado will be nothing but pleasure from the very start if you select the right road to go on, the "Burlington Route." There are no more comfortable trains in the world than those in the Burlington route to Colorado.

Drop me a postal and I'll send you our latest literature about Colorado, showing some wonderful pictures and introducing you to scores of places where you can spend an economical and restful vacation, prices for board, names and part of the address of prospective places of particular interest. You can leave all details for this trip to me, even to engaging your berth and delivering your tickets. Write me a postal now. I'll send you pamphlets and pictures by return mail. Wm. Austin General Agent Passenger Dept., C. & N. W. Co., 530 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

Depressed by Fear.

One day he said to his family: "I wonder if I am marked for the

next Holmes victim?" and thereafter, it was impossible to cheer him up.

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SANITARY GROCERY CO. (INC.)

A Store Near You

FISH SPECIALS

Smoked Bloaters, the regular 5-cent kind, special here, three fish for.....5c

Large, Fat Mackerel, really worth 30c each, special here.....17c

Fine Small Mackerel, special, each.....5c

Beardsley's Shredded Codfish.....9c

Barnham & Morrill's Flaked Codfish.....9c

Pink Salmon, per can.....12c

Red Boy Salmon, per can.....20c

Chic Salmon, per can.....18c

Very Best Brand Codfish, worth 15c anywhere, special here, per cake.....10c

Bone Out Codfish, sells for 20c elsewhere, special here, per box.....13c

1/4 lb. Star Lobster, can.....15c

1/2 lb. Star Lobster, can.....25c

Bulldog Sardines, with key, 2 cans for.....9c

Domestic Sardines, 3 cans for.....10c

Fancy No. 1 Potatoes, per peck.....35c

Pure Lard, best grade, per lb.....12c

Compound Lard, per lb.....10c

Bulk Oatmeal, 3 lbs. for.....10c

Made by the Quaker Oats Co., No. 1 quality.

Bread, loaf, 4c; 3 loaves for.....11c

R. & C. Flour, per bag, 20c and.....39c

Sanitary Flour, 24-pound bag, special low price, to induce you to buy a large pkg. 85c

Sanitary Flour, full barrel, wood.....\$6.60

Granulated Sugar, Per Lb. 6c

FINE COFFEES

Best values in Washington at these prices. Try any one kind and be convinced. Per pound.

23c, 25c, 28c, 32c, 35c 38c

A Big Snap in California Prunes

Sweet, Meaty Prunes, that have been selling at 10c per pound, special till Saturday's closing, per pound.....5c

Waterville Whole Grain Corn, 4 cans.....25c

Carroll Manor Corn, 4 cans.....25c

Hermit Peas, per can.....7c

Brownie Lima Beans, per can.....8c

Small can River Peas, per can.....9c

This is the best bargain in canned peas we are offering.

Get a Big Pint of Cocoa

A real Mason Fruit Jar, full of high-grade Cocoa, special, only.....17c

This Cocoa is absolutely guaranteed. Get your Cocoa at a big saving and lay in a supply of Fruit Jars FREE.

CAKES AND CRACKERS

Soda Crackers, per pound.....8c

Ginger Snaps, per pound.....8c

Cream Jumbles, per pound.....15c

A big line of Fancy Cakes at special prices.

Lenox Soap, 8 cakes for.....25c

Star Soap, 6" cakes for.....25c

Begin saving Star Wrappers for new special offers which you can soon secure at the premium parlors.

FINE ASPARAGUS

The finest grades only. You know what these same grades sell for elsewhere.

No. 1, square cans Selected Green Tips.....20c

Tall Cans, strictly standard goods.....20c

Snappy Cheese 10c

OLEOMARGARINE

Swift's Premium and C. C. Pride, at stores, per pound.....25c

EAT WASHINGTON CRISPS!

The Best Corn Flake That Can Be Made, and a 50% Larger Package Than Any Other.

3 Packages for 25c